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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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SOME FACTS IN REGARD TO PAVING

The Proposed Paving of Main Street Meeting With Success.

$13,275 VOLUNTARILY SUBSCRIBED.

Engineer Bannon of Bradford Meets the Councilmen and Makes Estimates—Planing to Pave Sixteen Blocks—Will Cost Under $60,000—No State Aid Now.

The question of paving Main street is still being actively agitated and in conversation with one of the promoters yesterday morning we were informed that in his opinion it would be a certainty that this thoroughfare would be paved this year. The plan is to pave 16 blocks, from Long street to McCoy's corners, the six blocks in the business section to be paved 42 feet wide, while the remaining ten blocks, or residence section, is to be 32 feet wide.

City Engineer Bannon of Bradford came to this place last Thursday afternoon, met the members of the borough council and reported as to cost of paving. His figures are. Six blocks, 42 feet wide, including curb, $5.50 per side, or $11 per running foot; ten blocks, 32 feet wide, $4.50 each or $9 per running foot. This price is for the best kind of pavement with a concrete bottom. There is a report in circulation in the borough to the effect that the cost would be double that of the figures given out by Mr. Bannon, as residents are being asked to sign a petition unfavorable to paving on the strength of that report. The gentleman from Bradford has had extensive experience in the matter of paving in that city and as a result he is capable of estimating the cost to a minimum.

That several influential persons are interested in the matter and are desirous of improving the condition of Main street is evidenced from the fact that more than $13,000 has been signed as a contribution toward paving, and it is almost certain that others will help in the good cause. The cost of paving the sixteen blocks would be less than $60,000 and of this amount nearly one-fourth has been subscribed by voluntary contribution, as follows:

Henry Hamlin	$ 6000.00
B. D. Hamlin	6000.00
Berney-Bond Glass Co.	500.00
J. W. Bonton	100.00
F. L. Sherburne	100.00
E. E. Heath	100.00
Anderson & Carlson	100.00
W. H. Hungerford	100.00
T. H. Purtle	100.00
Workley & McVean	100.00
E. W. Jones	50.00
George H. Denning	25.00
Total	13,274 00

This is an excellent showing and one that should make many conversions to the paving idea. It is impossible to get State aid at the present time so why not do the next best thing and take the aid that is offered through these contributions? There are plenty of other streets that can be paved when the borough can get the help from the State, and if Main street is paved this year nearly every resident and taxpayer in the borough will only be too glad to have some more paving done when the good results are seen. All that is necessary now is to make a beginning; the rest will come easily.

If this thoroughfare is paved it will mean not only a large saving in work on the street, but it would mean a great saving in the cost of about 50 crosswalks which now cost $25 each and have to be replaced every three or four years. And, too, another thing that should not be overlooked is the benefits derived for fire fighting purposes. As the situation now is it is almost impossible for the firemen to drag the carts through the mud, but with Main street paved they could more easily and more rapidly get to the scene of a conflagration, to say nothing of the men being in better condition to battle with the flames upon arriving at the scene.

This paving question is one that must demand the attention of every citizen and should be considered in a comprehensive manner. Those who are agitating the matter are trying their best to enlighten everybody and their efforts should not go unrewarded. Let us pave now while the time is most opportune. Do not hold back and by so doing have this thoroughfare in a pitiable condition for a year or more. Lend your assistance and if possible contribute your mite to the subscription paper. It will be appreciated.

Hurried meals, lack of exercise are the main cause of dyspepsia. A Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal aids digestion, improves the appetite. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fishing at a Trout Hatchery.

It may seem a little early to start in on fish stories but as many readers of the MINER are interested in this sport of sports we are going to tell you of a time the editor had on Friday the 12th inst. We know the season had not opened but as the law does not apply to commercial hatcheries we have nothing to fear.

Several years ago a Mr Walters of Philadelphia decided to retire from active business and went to a beautiful valley near Weissport, Pa., to pass his remaining days. He was a great lover of the rod and brook trout so he built a hatchery with several ponds, together with houses, barns and everything necessary to make it pleasant for his family and those in his employ. In due time the old gentleman was called to his reward and this property fell to his son Charles, who is a prominent business man of Philadelphia, and in the meantime the hatchery became one of the largest and finest in the State, but so far from the business interests of its present owner that he cannot give it proper attention or enjoy the pleasure of being there as much as he would like. Wishing to perpetuate this hatchery as a monument to his father's memory he has offered to sell it to the State.

It fell to our good fortune to accompany the committee, which included Fish Commissioner Meehan, Representatives Sedwick, McKean, Brannn, Marvin and Gyger, on a tour of inspection. We left Harrisburg at 8 a. m. and arrived at our destination at 12:30, a distance of about 115 miles, just in time to clear the dust from our garments and sit down to such a dinner as only a German gentleman knows how to provide. Brook trout were conspicuously in evidence but were only one of the many good things awaiting a hungry seven.

Dinner over we started on our tour of inspection of the hatchery ponds, etc. One large room is filled with spawning troughs in which were thousands upon thousands of the little speckled beauties not much larger than a pin. From there they are transported to the ponds as they grow. There are some fifteen in all and they are filled with trout ranging from three inches to about fifteen or sixteen inches. The larger pond covers about three-fourths of an acre and such trout and such numbers we never saw before. In the ponds there are about 150,000 trout, aside from those in the spawning troughs and every pond is literally black with them. They are all well fed on beef liver and lungs, ground up like sausage meat, but when a large spoonful is thrown on the water they create such a commotion in the water that a stranger thinks a volcano is breaking loose under the water. Great big fellows will be entirely out of the water before the food has struck its surface.

When the tour of inspection was finished Mr. Walters brought fishing tackle and told his guests to catch some to take home to their families or friends, and in a very short lapse of time the party had between thirty and forty pounds of these beauties, ranging between nine and thirteen inches in length. Of course it was not as exciting sport as in the brooks where big ones are pretty scarce and seldom caught but when one a foot long took the hook we felt a more thrilling sensation than we ever have while playing anthors at a church social.

After we had taken all that our modesty would allow (and no doubt you have your own ideas about the brand of modesty that is found on Capitol Hill) we were informed that a luncheon and more trout were awaiting us in the dining room. Again we committed the unpardonable sin of gormonnds. We arrived in Harrisburg at 10:30 with the best catch perhaps that we will ever make and feeling that we had passed a day long to be remembered.

H. L. B.

Engstrom-Melin Nuptials.

On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Bloomberg, West Main street, was the occasion of a pretty home wedding, when Rev. J. L. Turner, pastor of the Swedish Free Christian church, spoke the words which united the lives of Mr. Gustaf Engstrom and Miss Hannah Melin, both of Smethport. Only the immediate families and a few close friends of the contracting pair witnessed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Ida Spoaberg, as bridesmaid, while Mr. Otto Engstrom, a brother of the groom, acted as best man. Following the marriage ceremony a sumptuous wedding luncheon was served to the bridal party and guests. Mr. and Mrs. Engstrom have gone to housekeeping in the house on Green street, recently purchased by Mr. Engstrom.

Both Mr. Engstrom and his bride are well-known young Swedish people who, by their charming personalities and characters, have won the respect of many, all of whom will be unanimous in extending to them hearty congratulations and wishing them a long and happy wedded life.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

SMETHPORT WINS THE VICTORY.

They Cinch Second Place in Literary Contest With Eldred.

GET DECISION IN EVERY EVENT.

It was a Most Complete Victory to the Local Representatives and Reflects Much Credit Upon Them—The Eldred Students Put Up a Good Fight in Contest.

"To the victor belongs the spoils" is an old time adage, and this time the spoils belong to the Smethport High School, for it was its representatives who got the decision at the contest held at the Lyceum last Friday evening between representatives of the Eldred and Smethport High Schools. It was an overwhelming victory and one, too, that contestants, pupils, teachers and the general public have reason to feel proud of. In winning this scholastic event from their Eldred opponents the Smethport schools rank second in standing, and their representatives will try to wrest first place from Mr. Jewett at the next county teachers' institute. Whether they can do so or not remains to be seen, but the victory of Friday night has given them an incentive to work and should the next contest be lost it won't be because they did not use their best efforts, but, rather, because their opponents are decided better than they.

The Eldred enthusiasts, about one hundred fifty strong, arrived in town on a special train early Friday evening, and with a victory from Port Allegany still echoing in their ears there was a semblance of over-confidence shown by them. But someone had to be disappointed and the judges' decision made it Eldred that had to suffer. We extend sympathy to them. We can realize how they feel. We know how the contingent from this place would have felt. It must have been a long, sad journey back home after such a pleasant one on route to this place, but they can console themselves with the fact that they did their best, and their representatives are to be congratulated upon their abilities. To the people of Smethport it was a most happy occasion, although had the opponents won Smethport would have been the first to congratulate.

It was an audience that filled the Lyceum that greeted the contestants. On one side was the Eldred contingent, on the other the Smethport students and teachers, while up in the gallery were a number of students from the Port Allegany high school, and each school had its yells and songs which lent much toward furnishing amusement for the occasion. The noise made by the youngsters, and some older ones, too, was vociferous and each seemed to vie with the other in being heard.

Each school was represented by five contestants. There were four events—debate, reading, oration and essay. The latter three each counted one point, and the debate counted two, and as the judges decided in favor of Smethport in every event it was a clean sweep. As space will not allow a description of each number the names of contestants and subjects are all that can be given, but suffice to say that each subject was handled in a competent manner, and it was a very instructive and entertaining evening to all in attendance.

Following are the events and contestants: Essays, Miss Hazel Wheeler, Eldred, "The Development of Personality;" Miss Hazel McAllister, Smethport, "Glimpses of Our National Wonders." Readings, Miss Flossie Humphrey, Eldred, "Bill Perkins' Toboggan Slide;" Miss Irma Wells, Smethport, "In the Toils of the Enemy." Orations, Guy Woodmancy, Eldred, "Swollen Fortunes;" Ralph Herzog, Smethport, "Humanity vs. Industry." Debate, "Resolved, That Strikes are More Injurious Than Beneficial to the Industrial Life of a Nation:" affirmative, Harold Schoepflin and Richard Broughton, Eldred; negative, Wallace Bissett and James McGowan, Smethport.

The judges in the contest were: Miss Marion E. Dunbar, Bradford schools; Prof. John P. Mahon, principal of the Portville, N. Y., schools, and Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins, Hazelhurst, and their decisions were:

Summary	Mahon	Dunbar	Hopkins	Votes
Essay				
McAllister	86	92	85	2
Wheeler	80	79	84	1
Oration				
Woodmancy	86	75	84	
Herzog	87	90	88	3
Reading				
Humphrey	90	97	88	1
Wells	92	95	93	2
Debate				
Eldred	190½	190	197	1
Smethport	190½	218	202	2

Essay and Oration—Subject matter, 50%; language, 25%; delivery, 25%. Reading, interpretation, enunciation, memory and delivery, each 25%. Debate—Argument, 50%; language, 25% delivery, 25%.

Following the completion of the program the hall was cleared out and dancing was enjoyed for several hours by a large number of persons.

A Good Roads Meeting.

At the call of the county commissioners about 35 road supervisors, representing 15 townships in this county, representatives from councils of the boroughs of the county and a number of interested persons assembled at the court house last Thursday to meet State Highway Commissioner A. W. Hunter, perfect an organization and discuss plans toward the improvement of roads in McKean county.

The meeting was called to order by County Commissioner George Griffiths after which E. B. Sage of Foster township was chosen as chairman, and Griffin Hatfield, secretary. The highway commissioner made an address, stating the object of the meeting, pointed out the benefit of good roads and asked for the support of the supervisors and public in road improvement. Several of the persons in attendance made speeches pertinent to the object of the meeting.

In the afternoon by-laws were drafted. The name of the organization was decided upon as "The Association of Township Supervisors of McKean County," and the object of this association is to perfect the members in their official duties, secure desirable changes in existing laws and promote the best interests of the townships. Membership of the association includes all township supervisors, their secretary and solicitor; all township commissioners, their clerk, solicitor and road engineers, mayors of cities and burgesses of boroughs, with their street commissioners and chairmen of street highway committees. No township shall have more than five votes and no proxy shall be allowed. All ex-members of the association shall be honorary members and have all the privileges thereof except that of voting. Officers shall consist of a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and treasurer. The president shall appoint an executive committee of five members and an auditing committee of three. Various matters of routine proceedings are fully specified in the by-laws and the dues are fixed at $3 per year. The by-laws may be amended by a two-thirds votes of the members present at a meeting.

The officers elected were: President E. E. Bryner, Bradford township; first vice president, C. S. King, Port Allegany; second vice president, A. Conners, Rixford; secretary, E. B. Sage, Foster township, and treasurer, T. F. Richmond, Smethport.

Among the resolutions adopted was one asking for a State appropriation of $5,000,000 additional to the present available funds for road purposes, and one asking that the law of April 12, 1905, be so amended as to permit supervisors being paid for their services.

Criticisms By the Press.

If Harry Thaw's mother had made him get up in the morning and milk the cows and carry the horse before breakfast, and then saw the wood awhile after he come home from school, he probably would have grown up into a useful citizen instead of a high-roller, and she would not be putting up a half a million dollars to defend him against the charge of murder. If a boy who isn't taught to work dosont go to the devil it isn't the fault of his parents.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

The grip is not simply a bad cold and this fact is worth knowing. It resembles a cold in some respects, and colds are often wrongly diagnosed by the victims as grip. The grip is a malady which has laws of its own, both as to origin and progress after development. According to the doctors it must run its course—"there is no special remedy that can directly destroy the infection, no drug that can kill the bacillus or neutlsze its toxin." This also is worth knowing. The main thing is to nurse with care and give the system the best possible aid in its effort to throw off the poison.—Baltimore American.

With a population of 85,000,000, the United States have less than 6,000,000 farms—one for every fourteen persons. Double or quadruple the number of farms to the same population, and you double or quadruple the influences which make for higher life and the stability of the Republic.—Warren Mail.

Pennypacker says he is willing to appear before the Capitol Investigating commission and tell all he knows concerning the contracts for the equipment of the Capitol. If he tells all he knows it will probably prove that he is either a fool or knave.—Oil City Blizzard.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 18, 1907:

B. S. Bayless, Miss Vera Johnson, W. M. Ladee, Emil Wahlin. Foreign—Toprin Burpefupill.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Fishermen Attention.

John C. Hamlin invites you to call and inspect his 1907 line of fishing tackle.

SALUS-GRADY REPEALER IS PASSED

By the State Senate Finally Tuesday By a Vote of 33 to 0.

IN HANDS OF GOVERNOR NOW.

This is the "Press Muzzler" Newspaper Libel Law Repealer Introduced by Mr. Habgood of McKean—McCord Bill Defeated in Senate—Other News from State Law Makers.

The Salus-Grady "press muzzler" newspaper libel law repealer, introduced by Mr Habgood of McKean, passed the Senate finally on Tuesday by a vote of 33 for to 0 against its repeal. This bill will undoubtedly be signed by Governor Stuart by the time this appears in print and then the most infamous libel law ever thrust on the public will be a thing of the past.

We understand a new game law has been passed and signed by the Governor which makes the open season for killing partridges or ruffled grouse and rabbits from the first day of October to the first day of December.

The McCord bill, which passed the House recently and provided for a popular primary vote on the selection of a United States Senator was defeated in Senate Tuesday morning by a close vote. Whether the bill was really a good one or not is hard to decide for it did not provide for a popular vote on the final election of United States Senators but merely gave them a chance to vote at the primary election, after which the Senators would be chosen by the Senate and House of Representatives. What the people want is a chance to vote direct for United States Senators at the general election, when they can have the final voice in who shall represent them in this body and that cannot be done until the Constitution is revised.

By a vote of 40 to 0 the Senate Monday night passed finally the Honsher trolley freight bill, and it now goes to the Governor. This makes the second of three chief platform pledges of all parties to be ratified by the Legislature. A two-cent railroad fare bill has been passed and signed. The trolley freight bill is in the Governor's hands. The State Railroad Commission bill, the third big platform pledge, has passed the House and is now in committee in the Senate. The bill confers on trolley companies the right to carry light freight such as farm produce, garden truck, milk and merchandise. It is provided, however, that trolley companies shall be made subject to reasonable regulations prescribed by local authorities. The reasonableness of these regulations shall be at all times subject to the supervision of the courts.

Chairman Sheatz of the Appropriation Committee, introduced four appropriation bills of general interest. One calls for $2,000,000 for defraying the expenses of the uniform primary act. Another appropriates $1,500,000 for the erection of bridges destroyed by flood and storm. A third bill provides $800,000 for State forestry lands, while the fourth lays aside $80,000 for fixed charges for road and school purposes on lands held for forestry reserves.

The bill to place a tax of three cents per ton on all hard coal mined in this State passed finally in the House last Thursday morning after much debate. This bill will bring much revenue into the State treasury and appears to be a just bill.

The Boidleman bill to tax real estate of public utility corporations, except the right of way, passed the House finally on Thursday last.

The Kiess law providing for a bounty on certain noxious animals, which has been signed by the Governor, carries $50,000 and provides that each person must present the entire pelt and the magistrate must cut off the ears and burn them before certifying to the capture. The bounty on a wildcat is $4, fox $2 and weasel and minks $1.

The joint resolution creating a commission to inquire into, devise and recommend legislation for improvement and equalization of the State tax laws and appropriating $15,000 to defray the expenses of the commission, failed on final passage.

Without a word of debate and without a dissenting voice, the Honsher bill giving to trolley companies the right of eminent domain passed finally in the House. As amended on second reading, this bill provides that all companies taking advantage of the new right must become common carriers of express matter and light freight.

The Senate adopted a resolution offered by Mr. Williams of Tioga, fixing April 20, at 8 p. m., for the memorial exercises of the late Senator Matson of McKean.

The Cribbs bill to prevent wearing of Pennsylvania birds on hats and the uniform dog tax bill were killed after much fun. Representative Flynn wanted to pass the hat bill in the interest of millinery birds and various freshness amendments, such as regulating the speed of dogs on public roads and for a State registration of dog ages. Representative Blake also suggested that dogs wear lights in front and rear at night.

Revenue bills also engaging in the House. Creasy's expensive pony tax bill was passed by 152 to 41. The stamp tax on stock transfers and [illegible] were killed.

In all the House took [illegible] revenue measures, with a [illegible] yield estimated at $12,[illegible] finally passed two, worth [illegible] killed two worth [illegible] postponed the Dunsmore [illegible] by putting 3 mills additional [illegible] stock of corporations, [illegible] $5,250,000 annually for [illegible] after killing the Baldwin bill, which is counted on to raise $2,000,000 a year by taxing the capital stock of manufacturing corporations, agreed to reconsider and postpone action.

Presidential Timber.

"With every new development in the political situation, the realization becomes more general that Senator P. C. Knox of Pennsylvania is one of the leading candidates for the presidential nomination. It is now conceded that with the 68 votes of Pennsylvania at his back he has more real strength than any of the others who have been mentioned as possible candidates," Senator L. W. Strayer, the Pittsburg Dispatch-Times correspondent, writes. His deduction seems to be quite correct.

The Washington Evening Times, an independent paper, says [illegible]:

It is a right painful [illegible] which the Republican opposition to Roosevelt finds itself. Anxious to rescue the party and the nation from Roosevelism this element knows that [illegible] if it doesn't make a vigorous and determined fight, it will be completely and thoroughly defeated and Roosevelt will secure the nomination of a candidate entirely satisfactory to himself. On the other hand, if the opposition fights so hard as to get a chance of winning, then the President himself may be expected to get into the game, carry off the nomination, and leave the opposition in the fire, instead of enjoying the comparative comfort of the frying pan.

Still, while it requires steering a tortuous course, it is not impossible that the opposition may win. We opine that before this preliminary fight has proceeded many stages farther, general recognition will be accorded to the theory that it is going to be a contest between Taft and Knox. There will be other men in the fight, indeed, possibly some other one might be nominated; but the big fighting in the preliminaries will be between the Ohio and Pennsylvania favorites.

Race-goers have seen two favorites jockeyed at the post until they were tired, when a fresh nag, kept under control during the preliminaries, carried away the money. This is one of the interesting present possibilities of the presidential course. Knox is the man who seems [illegible] of the support of a big State without opposition and with real enthusiasm. Hughes, Taft, Fairbanks, Cannon, Cummings—none of these can claim as much. He is the natural choice of everything east and north of Pennsylvania, under these circumstances.

New England has no candidate and no New England man has the ghost of a chance of getting any considerable support outside New England. New York is not essential to Republican success, and it is extremely doubtful if any New York man would run so well in his home State, in present conditions there, as an outsider. There is a vice presidential place in sight for some good New York man; the vice president is about all that New York has been considered entitled to anyhow, in recent years.

Sensible Suggestion.

When the merchants of Nowa get it into their heads that advertising doesn't pay, they might experiment by cutting out all advertising for a couple of years. Whether the local papers would survive such a loss of business would matter very little; they depend on advertising patronage to exist at all, and no less certainly the town depends on the advertising the local papers give it. At the end of two years, it could easily be determined which had lost the most, the merchants or the newspapers. Then for two years more the experiment might be tried of every dealer in the town advertising liberally. We thoroughly believe that a board of trade could help a town in no other way as much as by indicating every dealer in it to advertise in the local papers. Of course it would be difficult to get some to contribute to the general prosperity, either by helping to bring in new industries or to advertise the town, but they could be made to realize the position they occupy.—The Potter Journal.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Limited.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Dick Prescott sat huddled in his chair at the desk, his eyes staring at the receiver as though the innocent little piece of mechanism had suddenly developed venom. His right hand clutched a revolver, and his left worked convulsively around his left breast as though he was feeling something inside.

"It can't be possible!" he said once, then again: "It's a lie. I know it is. Julie Gridon leader of a gang of robbers? No, it must be a hideous mistake."

But the words as they had come in dots and dashes to him from Bat Crossing could neither be misunderstood nor effaced. And he knew Loomis so well—Loomis wouldn't say a word about a woman that could wrong her. And, besides, Loomis did not know that Prescott loved her. So the element of jealousy would not play a part.

But there was the message, repeated to make an error impossible;

Dick Prescott, Cow Corners:
You will receive package containing money from express messenger on limited. Twenty thousand dollars for James Beal. You will be accosted by Julie Gridon, leader bad gang, who will talk, hold you up. Jake Gridon coming later with gang. LOOMIS.

It wasn't a long message. Prescott laughed half insanely as he repeated it.

He got up and walked nervously to and fro.

"Loomis wouldn't lie," he said. "And see how true it has come so far. I've got the package. Limited went through on time. And now"—

He laughed again, but it was a strange, wild laugh.

"So this is the little girl who was so nice and cordial and even affectionate; the pretty girl I saved from drowning only a month ago; the girl whom I was going to ask—God! Suppose I had! Suppose it was her husband she, with Jake Gridon, was coming to rob! Suppose it! I can't suppose it. It's all a"—

He stopped at his desk again and looked down.

"I've got it right," he said. "And Loomis wouldn't lie. But how did he learn it? How can he know?"

His nervous walk began again. He couldn't leave. His pony wasn't far away, but the eastbound express would pass soon, and then the switch must be turned for the night local. There was no one else. The ramshackle, one horse station had a porter daytimes, but at night, when all the devilry took place, the company did not think he needed any one.

His brain was on fire. He had the package, and the girl he loved was coming with a gang to take it from him.

A sudden noise at the window made him jump. His revolver leaped from his pocket.

"Don't shoot me," said a quick, nervous voice. "Dick—Mr. Prescott, you received a package from the limited. You"—

"No," he said, facing the sun tanned face that looked in at the window. A glance told him she carried a rifle.

"You did not?"

"No," he said. "The limited went through without stopping."

"But it was sent—I know it was sent. I know it, I tell you."

"No, I received no package."

For a moment she looked at him steadily, and then a peculiar smile dashed across her face and disappeared again. With an agility for which she was far famed she sprang in at the window.

"Dick Prescott," she said sternly, "your face tells a different story. You did get that package for Mr. Beal."

"Miss Gridon, I"—

"Stop! I have misunderstood you and I make few mistakes in men. Dick Prescott, you have opened my eyes to night. I thought you were a man—a gentleman. You have proved me to be wrong."

She stood leaning on her rifle, and her great fearless eyes looked steadily into his.

He felt himself trembling. How was he to let her know that Loomis had sent the news that had so unmanned him? Yet he must do something. Once more Loomis was proved correct. The package had come. Then she had come. The next would be the worst gang of cutthroats in Arizona, with Jake Gridon at their head.

"Julie," he said, "I am not well. I am going out for air."

"Yes," she said, "you don't look well. Come outside."

He started to the door.

"Stop where you are!"

He flashed a glance back. He could not pretend to be frightened. He was looking into the muzzle of her rifle.

"Dick Prescott, throw up your hands! Quick! You haven't a moment to lose."

Her eye was as steady as any man's of the southwest. Prescott was no coward, and he couldn't shoot the girl he loved for a hundred times $20,000. Up went his hands.

There was a peculiar sound in her throat as she stepped to his side. With fingers that seemed to have had much practice she took away his revolver, swept her hand inside his coat and took out [illegible]

"Now, Dick Prescott, [illegible] word of talk, or I will [illegible] Stand still a moment."

She stepped to the [illegible]

clicks had sent this message along the line:

Agent at Cow Corners robbed. Send relief on express.

"Now, Dick," she said, "walk out quietly. Leave things as they are here."

"But, Julie—my good name—my reputation"—

She laughed harshly.

"Your good name! Oh, Dick!"

She pointed sternly. He walked ahead of her. It was a dark night. The single lamp in the station was the only light visible. But the girl knew the way in the dark as well as Prescott. She ordered him to walk to his horse. He found her own tethered near it.

"Release both horses," she said. He obeyed.

His heart was bitter. He could not fight her. He might as well do as she commanded. He had little hope for mercy from the gang, but she had the money.

"Mount," she said. "Now ride to that clump of mesquite."

He rode in silence, she following.

"Wait."

They sat their in their saddles, it seemed to him, for hours. Then the racket of the express could be heard and at the same time the pounding of horses' hoofs.

"Look," she said tensely.

He knew the voices and did not need to see.

"Where's the whelp gone with the swag?" asked the voice of Julie's uncle.

"He can't be far. He couldn't expect us. Lucky we got the girl shut up."

The express was coming. The lights from the train were poured into the station.

"Come," she whispered.

He could have shouted. Somebody would have heard. But there was something in his mind. He didn't think clearly. But what was this about a girl being shut up?

They rode swiftly, first along a gully. Then, crossing the stream, she swung in the saddle and spoke again.

"Dick," she said, "for the sake of old times I am giving you a chance for your life. I can't give you up to them. I have saved the money for Mr. Beal. I came to warn you. I did not think that you could be tempted. I knew they were coming. I heard them on a train. They locked me in the schoolhouse—me! I hurried as fast as I could. But you—you have gone wrong, Dick. I—we had been together some. Dick—I was beginning to love you. But it's all over now. I'll marry an honest man or none. Goodby, Dick. I've saved you from a crime. I'll see that Mr. Beal gets the money."

"Julie!" he cried. "Loomis telegraphed that you were coming first to keep me quiet for the gang. It's in there, Julie, written."

"And that was why you told me the package had not come?"

"Yes, Julie, I swear it. I was a fool to doubt you, but I was alone, and everything came out as Loomis said. I—Julie! I love you. I was going to ask you to marry me."

"Then I will," she said. "Hurry up. You can show the telegram from Loomis tomorrow. I'll be killed if my uncle gets me now. They'll take care of everything tonight. I'll take no chances. Here is your pistol. Now, ride like the mischief for Beal's ranch."

He swung to her once and kissed her, and then they started. It was midnight when they reached Beal's. Explanations were brief. Words are not needed down there.

"Well, for two youngsters, one a tenderfoot, you've done pretty well," said the grizzly old ranchman. "I'll put you up tonight, and we'll see that you're well married tomorrow. We can't afford to make any more mistakes with a couple like you. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for you two not to get hitched—wouldn't it? Get to your rooms now. I'll give you some of that wedding present in the morning—part of the twenty thousand, I guess. But I've got to figure how much I can spare, so good night. Don't worry none. Jake Gridon won't get you here."

And he couldn't, for Jake Gridon was dead.

The Consolable Widow.

Widows in Paris appear to be about ten times more easily consolable than widowers. Out of 1,607 derelict ladies on whom statisticians kept an eye after their husbands' demise only three were left still lone and mourning after eighteen months had passed away. Out of 2,270 widowers thirty-seven remained unconsoled, or had had enough in one go at the lottery. One hundred and forty-eight had not the grace to wait until the year was out to remarry; 628 did wait a year, but took second wives immediately afterward. All those who married again had done it before three years had gone by. Apparently if a widower can wait three years he is safe and falls into the minority, which in this case was thirty-seven of those for whom once is enough.—London Telegraph.

Love.

God is love, and you can never escape from love. No sorrow, no sin, no estrangement, no darkness, can enable you to escape from love. The omnipotence is the omnipotence of love, and the omnipresence is the omnipresence of love. You may loosen your hand, but he will not loosen his.—Lyman Abbott.

How He Knew It.

[illegible]

THE GREAT "WAR COMET."

Its Fiery, Spreading Tail Was Fifty Million Miles Long.

The wonderful "war comet" of 1861 sprang so suddenly into view and blazed with such unexampled brilliancy as to astonish the astronomers and frighten those unlearned in cometary lore half out of their wits. The unlearned declared that the civil war, which was just getting well under headway, must have something to do with it. However this may be, it burst forth, unheralded and uninvited, shining with greater brilliancy and magnitude than any phenomena of a similar nature which that generation had ever seen.

On the night of July 3 of that year it exhibited a most wonderful spectacle. In the evening the nucleus did not appear to be larger than a star in the first or second magnitude. As the small hours of the morning approached, however, the nucleus visibly increased in both magnitude and brilliancy. The tail waved back and forth over our little world in a most threatening manner, at times sending rays almost to the zenith. On the morning of July 5 the astronomers announced through the daily papers that the head of the great comet was only separated from the earth by a distance of 12,000,000 miles. According to the report sent out from the Cambridge observatory, the comet appears to have passed its ascending node between the 27th and the 29th of June in longitude 279 degrees, the longitude of the earth being 277 degrees at the same time.

On Oct. 10 its tail extended over a space of 50,000,000 miles and at several points was not less than 10,000,000 miles in width.

At first it was generally conceded that it was the famous comet of 1556, the one which caused the Emperor Charles V. of France to resign his imperial throne, he taking it to be a warning from God. All surmises were subsequently set at rest by the discovery that it was the famous Thatcher comet, discovered by Professor A. F. Thatcher at the Rutherford observatory in New York city.

A STRANGE MAKEUP.

When Wilton Lackaye Looked "Like a Sore Finger."

Barrett was a very pompous man, and as my bump of reverence has always been a concavity he early marked me out for his displeasure. After giving me a list of plays for which to procure wardrobes—plays which he did not do during the season—he suddenly changed his mind and put on "Julius Caesar" in Richmond, Va. It was impossible to get an armor there. I played Metellus Cimber, first citizen and Phasarius—and a soldier! Luckily I had sandals and fleshings. I borrowed a tunic from Otis Skinner, a toga from the stage manager, who was out of the bill; I had a mob shirt made in the theater; I got out a makeup for Phasarius, the barbarian, but the soldier? All of the utility men were compelled to "eke the battle rabble out" as soldiers in the last act. I could not get in the town a helmet and armor, so I simply "lurked" behind the other soldiers clad in fleshings, sandals and Skinner's tunic, which came halfway to my knees. I was then five feet eleven and three-fourths and weighed 130 pounds, so you may imagine the audience hardly became conscious of me until my third entrance.

My modest disposition and my desire not to meet the star's eye did not avail me. He spotted me the first thing. As the curtain came down he called me and thundered, "What do you think you represent?"

I shyly responded, "A camp follower, sir, lurking behind the main column and robbing the dead."

"Huh!" he grunted, his eye passing up my stretch of shanks in pink fleshings, surmounted by the tight little tunic at top. "You look like a sore finger!" Wilton Lackaye in Bohemian Magazine.

A Dame School in England, 1837.

On a perch [illegible] with [illegible] cock and two hens. Under a stump [illegible] immediately beneath was a dog kennel in the occupation of three black terriers, whose barking, added to the noise of the children and the cackling of the fowls on the approach of a stranger, was almost deafening. There was only one small window, at which sat the teacher, obstructing three-fourths of the light it was capable of admitting.—Parliamentary Report.

The Number Three.

Three, which since the days of Pythagoras has been the divine number, is not invariably fortunate, for, though the fates are three, so also are the furies. The graces are three, but so also are the judges in hades and the heads of Cerberus. Then there are the records of three disloyal tribes in Welsh history; there are the three robbers in Orion's belt; there were the three tyrants at Athens, and 3 in mythology is as unlucky as it is divine.

Rapid Change.

"My hair turned from raven black to snowy white in a single night."

"That's nothing. I went into a pawnbroker's shop once and stayed only fifteen minutes. When I came out my watch had turned from gold to silver."—London Tit-Bits.

Must Have Read It.

He [illegible]

FALSE ALARM OF FIRE.

A Peril Always to Be Met Promptly on Board Ship.

It was on board the Northern Light says Captain Osbon in "A Sailor of Fortune," that a false alarm of fire was sounded and disaster prevented only by prompt action. A passenger, looking down through the boiler hatch, saw the red painted boiler fronts and, seeing the flamelike color amid a cloud of steam, shouted, "Fire!" Immediately the whole vessel was in an uproar, and a dangerous panic was imminent. I was one of the underofficers.

The climax came when the quartermaster saw a minister of the gospel on the rail trying to lower the bow of one of the ship's boats. I ran to him and ordered him to come down on deck. The minister paid no attention, and I seized his coat tail to drag him down by force.

Perhaps it was an old coat, for the seams parted, and a second later I had the ministerial coat tail in my hands. He came down then. He was angry and was likewise a spectacle to look upon.

He started to call an indignation meeting, but most of the passengers had recovered from their fright by this time and were inclined to be merry at the reverend gentleman's expense.

He went raging to the captain, who summoned me to appear. I came, still carrying the coat tail in my hand.

"Mr. Osbon," he said, "what are your orders in case of a false alarm of fire?"

"My orders," I said, "are to stop it by any means necessary. I may knock a man down, throttle him or split him wide open."

The captain turned to the irate minister.

"Those are Mr. Osbon's orders," he said. "You are fortunate that it was only your coat that was split open."

The danger from the false alarm of fire on shipboard is second only to the real thing and is always a peril to be met promptly.

SPEED OF FISHES.

Tarpon, Shark and Mackerel Are the Swiftest of Swimmers.

When scientists desire to find out how fast a certain bird flies, it is necessary only to set up poles and note by stop watches the time the bird requires to cross the interval. The speed of fishes is more difficult to ascertain. Nevertheless, as the Saturday Evening Post explains, estimates have been made showing that the mackerel, considering its handicap in size, comes close to being the champion racer.

Unquestionably the mackerel travels sometimes as fast as an express train at high speed—say, at the rate of sixty or possibly seventy miles an hour. Other things being equal, the larger the fish the faster it swims, just as the huge steamboat is able to travel at a speed much greater than the little harbor tug.

Undoubtedly the energy employed by a fish of great size, such as a thirty foot shark, when traveling at its best gait is something tremendous. An ordinary tug, which represents a maximum of energy in a minimum of bulk, utilizes about 200 horsepower. Of course it is only a guess, but it would not seem to be over the mark to suppose that a seventy foot whale makes use of 500 horsepower when it propels its huge bulk through the water at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

A whale, which is a mammal and not a fish, might be compared to a freight train if the shark is a common ball express, but it can beat the fastest "ocean greyhound" in a speed contest.

The tarpon is probably faster than the shark. It is believed that a tarpon in a hurry can travel at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

An Interrogation.

While chatting with friends in Cambridge, Bishop Phillips Brooks described with much enthusiasm a college service he had recently attended. "It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw their whole souls into the hymn.

"'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'

Even Dr. X., the president of the college, sang as if he felt the contagion of inspiration." "Dr. X. sang that?" broke in an incredulous listener. "Does Dr. X. believe that?" "Oh, no," replied Bishop Brooks quickly. "He was merely asking for information."

An Act of Heroism.

On one occasion General Lee, while making an observation, stepped to a somewhat exposed position to secure a better view and thus stood for a moment at personal risk when General Gracie, who was in the party, quietly stepped before General Lee without obscuring his view and remained thus covering the body of his superior until the fieldglass was lowered and the danger over—a simple, quiet act, but showing cool bravery and a self sacrificing spirit.

The Limit.

It was just a plain lying contest, but the prize was to go to the man who told his lie most briefly and casually.

"I came in on a suburban train this morning," said the prize winner, "and as I hastily flung up a car window"—

—Smart Set.

In a Street Car.

Blodgett—You see that homely woman on [illegible] Foster [illegible] Yes? [illegible] Blodgett—Well, she is [illegible] France.

DIVIDES THE WORLD.

The Line That Marks Where Day Begins and Ends.

IT TRAVERSES THE PACIFIC.

The Way This Important Boundary Came to Be Established — Spots Where Today, Tomorrow and Yesterday Are Still a Confused Jumble.

It is evident that the day must begin somewhere, though it is a confusing thing to undertake to determine just where, for one may go on and on around the world and never catch up with it. On the other hand, if we are not careful in reasoning we will reach the absurd conclusion that it is Monday noon and Tuesday noon at the same time in any given place.

A writer in the St. James' Gazette treats this peculiar phase of the subject in a very definite way.

Seeing that as one moves westward the time gets earlier and earlier, so that when it is Monday noon in London it is some time on Monday morning in America, it follows that, if this principle were continued without limit halfway round the world, at the same moment that it was Monday noon in London it would be also twenty-four hours later—that is, Tuesday noon in London. As this is reductio ad absurdum, we have to look for the limit, which does, in fact, exist, on the principle that as one moves westward the time gets earlier and as one moves eastward it gets later.

Before the circumnavigation of the globe there was no difficulty. When on a Monday the sun stood over London it was Monday noon in London. As the sun moved (to use the popular phrase) westward and stood a little later over Dublin it became Monday noon in Dublin, and so on until it reached the western limit of the known world.

When the sun passed over that limit, that was the end of noon for that Monday, and nobody knew what the sun was doing until he reappeared on the eastern limit of the known world, bringing with him Tuesday morning.

It is evident, therefore, that while the sun was in the unknown abyss between west and east he dropped the attribute of making the time at all places directly under his rays Monday noon and took to himself the attribute of making it Tuesday noon.

As the confines of the world were pushed farther eastward and westward, respectively, the unknown abyss where this change of attribute had to be made got narrower and narrower until, when the globe was circumnavigated, the place of change became simply a line.

This line exists and is the place where the days begin. As the sun crosses this remarkable spot the time jumps twenty-four hours onward—from noon one day to noon on the next day. The situation of the line has been located quite fortuitously—namely, by the circumstance whether any given place was first reached by civilized man journeying from the east or from the west.

The discoverer brought with him the almanac from whence he came, and if he came from the west the time in the new country would be later, and if he came from the east it would be earlier than the time in the country he came from.

America was reached by civilized man voyaging westward and China by man traveling eastward, and the result is that the line that marks where the days begin lies between these two in the Pacific ocean and, instead of being a straight line, zigzags about, dividing Islands which happened to be discovered from the east from those which happened to be discovered from the west.

There must still be many islands in that ocean where it is not yet decided to which side of the line they belong and where, if one were put down, one would not know whether it were today, tomorrow or yesterday.

There must also be many islands there which, never having been permanently occupied by civilized people, change their day from time to time, so that a ship calling there coming from China might arrive on Tuesday, while another ship calling at the same time from America would arrive on Monday. There must be people living so near this line that by going a few miles they can leave today and get into tomorrow or, by going back, can find yesterday.

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, that Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured I am furnishing patients through druggists, small free Trial Boxes of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. I do this because I am so certain, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial help. Nothing certainly, is so convincing as a physical test of any article of real, genuine merit. But that article must possess true merit, else the test will condemn, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure is a snow white, healing antiseptic balm, put up in beautiful nickel capped glass jars at 50c. Such soothing agents as Cit. Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a velvety, cream like Preparation, imported by Dr. Shoop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and throat has extended to the stomach, then by all means also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Stomach distress, a lack of general strength, bloating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, etc. surely call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hubgood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

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Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kibler, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ryde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Rungville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MCCORMICK, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at [illegible] preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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A Revolution In Colombia.

By CHARLES KENNETT.

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The D'Estes family was of the haughtiest in Chilombia. Papa D'Estes was a retired dictator, not yet entered into that permanent rest which the cemetery affords to most Spanish-American patriots at or before the end of their official careers. His best energies were now engrossed in creating melodorous cigarros and in irrigating certain arid tracts of his interior with aguardiente. Mamma D'Estes does not count in this story save as the parent of seven sons and one daughter enumerated below.

There were Brother Alfonso, who was destined for the presidency, and Brother Juan, for the generalship of the army, and Brother Leon, for the archbishopric, and so on through the list to little Brother Cristofero, who was to fill some other brother's place should any elect a foreign ministership instead of service at home. But the flower and darling of the household was Sister Esmeralda. She was to wed the highest official in the republic outside her own family unless indeed some foreign potentate should seek her hand.

Two gallants wooed the rose of the D'Estes, both of the Chilombia aristocracy and both of the stuff from which dictators and presidents are made—Senor Caballero and Senor Lochinvar. Of these two Esmeralda appeared to favor the latter, to his rival's great discomfiture.

The situation irked Caballero's soul. True, he might pistol or knife his enemy returning some pleasant night from serenading his inamorata. But he knew that suspicion would at once be directed toward him and his chances of winning Esmeralda forever destroyed. He might challenge his foe to a duel, but Lochinvar was a better shot than he. Decidedly things could not be worse. What was the remedy? Like a homing pigeon, he turned to the refuge of his race—a revolution.

Caballero sat himself down to think, a thing he did only on special occasions. The lines of revolutionary cleavage must be such that he and Papa D'Estes should find themselves on one side and Lochinvar on the other. The smoke of his cigarro furnished inspiration.

Only two kinds of tobacco are smoked in Chilombia—Bogota and La Paz. Caballero and Papa D'Estes were of the cremators of Bogota, while Lochinvar clave to those who calcined La Paz. There was 60 per cent duty on Bogota, only 40 on La Paz. Here was revolutionary tinder with a vengeance.

Caballero quietly kindled the flame. Soon the populace were boiling like a superheated chocolate pot. The hot blood of the descendants of the Incas must be let.

Then came the explosion. There were bells, bullets, bayonets, brickbats and bluff at Bilitum. By day they slew one another at the barricades; by night they fraternized in the cafes over bo[illegible] flagons of aguardiente. A delicate mutual courtesy prevented any smoking.

The adherents of Bogota won. Lochinvar fled to the mountains to remain in retirement until the next revolution. In a fever of patriotic excitement the duty on Bogota was abolished and the importation of La Paz utterly forbidden. Behold at last a just and stable government! There would never be any more revolutions. Everybody was puffing Bogota. La Paz was synonymous with high treason. But they still irrigated with aguardiente; nothing could prevent that.

Caballero's comet was at its zenith. The dictatorship lay within his grasp. He called Papa D'Estes into consultation and formally requested the hand of Senorita Esmeralda. He promised his future brothers-in-law the highest positions in the Chilombian state.

His daughter the wife of the dictator! His sons leading members of the government! Papa D'Estes' feelings overcame him. The seven young bloods of his house raked their sombreros a trifle lower than ever. But Esmeralda remained tearfully true to her absent lover and, despite parental urging, steadfastly repelled the advances of Caballero.

Meanwhile Lochinvar was wasting no time. He pawned an ancestral gold mine and purchased 100,000 La Paz cigarros and 10,000 flasks of aguardiente. These were brought over the passes on llamas and cached in a convenient cave.

A month passed, and still Esmeralda held out against Caballero. Popular enthusiasm for the new government had begun to cool.

One day a messenger brought a note to Papa D'Estes. He read it, frowning, but returned a reply. That night a long black coffer was smuggled into the rear entrance of his mansion. A score of similar boxes had been secretly conveyed to the abodes of other prominent families.

At midnight in a double barred and bolted chamber the black coffer was placed on trestles. Papa D'Estes stood at its head, and little Brother Cristofero at its foot, while the six other brethren were ranged three on either side. The box was opened. It was filled to the brim with cigarros of La Paz. Among them nestled a goodly number of peculiarly shaped bottles.

At last a date was set for the wedding of Caballero and the unwilling Esmeralda. But as the dictator's ardor increased that of Papa D'Estes and the seven brothers perceptibly cooled. For six weeks not a roll of La Paz had been smoked openly in Chilombia. But now the people began to tire of Bogota. The daily journals voiced vague hints of tyranny. Stealthy whiffs, elusive scents of La Paz permeated the Chilombian atmosphere.

The wedding day arrived. Caballero and his best man set out for the cathedral. As they turned a corner the perfume of an invisible cigarro drifted to the dictator's nostrils. He paled and became silent. It was La Paz! The tide was turning. The revolutionary pendulum had begun its counter swing.

But he determined, at any rate, to make sure of Esmeralda. He waited at the church for half an hour. Then came a messenger posthaste from the D'Estes household to say that the wedding must be indefinitely postponed. Esmeralda had fled that morning to the mountains with Lochinvar.

Caballero was furious. He urged immediate pursuit. Papa D'Estes and his sons procrastinated. They spoke casually of Lochinvar's well known skill with pistol and rifle. Finally the dictator started on the trail of the lovers. The father and the seven brethren followed, but without enthusiasm.

In the middle of the afternoon they came in sight of Lochinvar and Esmeralda hastening along a narrow road cut in the rocky wall of a deep canyon. Just ahead a swinging bridge of ropes and wooden crosspieces spanned the river sullenly murmuring 3,000 feet below. On the other side of the gorge the road ran north to Bogota south to La Paz. Once across, if the fugitives could destroy the bridge they would be safe.

Caballero shouted triumphantly and spurred his jaded horse forward. Lochinvar hastened across the span with Esmeralda. Ere they reached the middle the dictator had dismounted and set foot upon the swaying structure.

Lochinvar looked back and took in the situation. He drew his machete. One quick slash, and the left cable sprang asunder. The bridge hung quivering. Heedless of the cry of horror behind, he dropped his knife, gathered the fainting Esmeralda in his arms and staggered across to safety.

The dictator was so far advanced that it was as safe for him to keep on as to return. Just as the last strands parted he gained the solid rock not fifty feet behind the fugitives who were hurrying toward La Paz. With a cry of triumph he started in pursuit.

A shout from the other side made him halt. He looked across the gorge. There stood the D'Estes family in line, eight Mausers swung carelessly in their left hands, eight monitory right forefingers pointing toward Bogota. The dictator was on the wrong side of the river. For a hundred miles either way there was no other bridge. It would be days before he could get back to the capital of Chilombia. Meanwhile the new revolution would have made his presence unnecessary.

Caballero took a step toward La Paz. Seven Mausers went up to seven right shoulders, all but little brother Cristofero's, who was left handed. His went up to his left. Eight forefingers touched eight triggers.

Caballero stopped. He was too good a mark against the rock. He faced about and maledicted the entire male branch of the house of D'Estes, living and dead, born and unborn. Papa D'Estes smiled grimly, lowered his Mauser and lit a La Paz cigarro. Ditto Brother Alfonso. Ditto all the others. It was as good as a comic opera.

After Caballero grew weary of cursing he turned his steps toward Bogota.

The D'Estes family camped in the road that night to make sure he would not try to repass in the darkness. Then they returned to Chilombia and engineered the revolution that put them in control of the state and fulfilled the parents' most ambitious dreams for their seven sons.

When Lochinvar and his bride came back after their honeymoon, they were received with open arms. Everybody in town was smoking La Paz, and they were still drinking aguardiente.

Motion of Planets and Satellites.

All the planets travel the same way round. This is true not only of the eight primary planets, but of the asteroids. Again, all the secondary planets or satellites travel the same way round, this direction of revolution being the same as that in which the planets revolve around the sun, except the satellites of Uranus, which, however, can hardly be said to have any direction of motion with reference to the general level in which the planetary system circuits, for they travel in planes nearly square to that level. Lastly, as respects direction of motion, all the planets whose rotation has been observed, including our earth and moon and the sun also, rotate on their axe. in the same direction. It must be understood that this direction is one and the same for all these motions—the revolutions of the planets around the sun, of the satellites around the planets and of the planets on their axes. It seems natural to infer that the uniformity is the result of some general condition affecting the whole scheme from the beginning.—Richard A. Proctor.

A Poor Start.

There was a gloom on Mr. Fowler's countenance which nothing save the lack of some desired article of food had ever been known to produce.

"What's the matter, Ezra?" queried Mr. Fowler's nearest neighbor, after a glance at his lugubrious face. "Flapjacks given out over at your house?"

"Worse'n that!" groaned the distressed one. "You know 'twasn't apple year, and we've got so low already m' wife says we can't have any more apple pie for breakfast."

"Can't you make out if you have it noon an' night?" asked the neighbor, without a smile.

"Can, because I've got to," said Mr. Fowler testily. "But I tell ye it upsets me, starting in the day wrong like that!"—Youth's Companion.

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Many Ways In Which This Strange Asiatic Plant Is Utilized.

The breadfruit tree is a native of southern Asia, the south Pacific islands and the Indian archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut. It grows to the height of forty or fifty feet and has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the breadfruit grows. It is a soncsls, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds and has a thick yellow rind. This fruit is the chief food of the south sea islanders. They seldom eat a meal without it. The outside part lies between the rind and the core and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for fruit before it has fully matured, and the natives gather it while the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like wheat and bread and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred breadfruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without its costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way, the bread will keep for weeks.

The breadfruit is in season eight months of the year. When the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mubel." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves and baked, just as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the breadfruit tree. From it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with cocoanut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some people cry loudly for justice when mercy is really what they want.

There is never much kicking about the rules of the game by those who happen to win.

A young person's kind of wit is usually the kind that gives an old person nervous prostration.

If a man tells a lie, which is predominant—his remorse at having told it or his pride in having told one that passed for the truth?

You may think you are lonesome, but you will never know what lonesomeness is until you are on your deathbed and realize that you are going alone.

Every boy who plays around railroad yards and makes a practice of jumping on trains imagines he is a great deal more clever than the one legged men of his acquaintance ever were.—Atchison Globe.

On the Rack.

The expression "putting a witness on the rack" has an ancient origin. The courts had an unpleasant way of putting a refractory or unsatisfactory witness on the rack, which was an open wooden frame, upon which was laid the victim. His wrists and ankles were tied to two rollers at opposite ends of the frame. The rollers were then moved with levers until the tension caused the body to rise level with the frame, and then questions were addressed to the witness. If he still proved silent or if his memory needed refreshing, the rollers were moved slowly until the wretch's bones started from the sockets.

Granite, the Bedrock of the Earth.

Granite is the bedrock of the world. It is the lowest rock in the earth's crust and shows no signs of animal life. It is from two to ten times as thick as all the other layers of rocks combined. No evidences of life of either animal or vegetable are apparent in granite. The presence of lime is due to animal life. Some scientists assert that all the lime in the world has at some time been a part of some animal. This includes human beings.

No Apology Needed.

"I hope our running the graphophone last night didn't annoy you," said the renter of the third floor flat.

"What?" responded the new renter of the fourth floor flat, producing an ear trumpet.

"I say it's a fine morning!" bellowed the other into the trumpet.—Chicago Tribune.

A Portrait of Wordsworth.

One of Charles Lamb's friends said to him that he had never seen Wordsworth.

"Why, you've seen an old horse haven't you?" asked Charles Lamb.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you've seen Wordsworth."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Her Dear Friend.

Clara—I wish I could believe what he says, but— Maud—What does he say? Clara—Why, he says he loves me, and he has known me only two days. Maud—Well, perhaps that's the reason.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hardly a Compliment.

Maid—A gentleman to see you, madam. Mistress—Is it, by chance, my cousin the professor? Maid—No, he doesn't look as clever as that. He looks more as though he might propose to you.—Fliegende Blatter.

For Catarrh, let me send you free, just to prove merrit, a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh remedy. It is a snow white cream, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop's, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers

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In Search of Simplicity.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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It was a clear October day. Fifth avenue was radiant with sunshine. Mrs. St. Aubyn, standing at the French window of her pretty little breakfast room, noted the transparency of the sky and the bright color of some autumn leaves that drifted by on a puff of wind.

Below in the street a girl walked briskly, her cheeks glowing from the keen touch of the air. A newsboy whistled lightly as he loitered on the corner. An old woman passed, a basket on her arm. It was filled with apples, rosy and fresh looking as if they had just been shaken from the trees or gathered from the frost starred grass of an orchard. An orchard! Mrs. St. Aubyn smiled. How long was it since she had roamed in one? Twenty years at least, for Mrs. St. Aubyn was thirty-seven.

Twenty years of dinners and teas and dances, of summers passed at Newport and winters spent in idle flittings from Paris to London and from London home again! Luxury had smoothed Mrs. St. Aubyn's path, and time had touched her lightly. Her figure was as slender and supple as a girl's, and there were those of her acquaintance caustic enough to say that during the period of her mourning she had prolonged the wearing of widow's weeds because black set off her amber colored hair and dazzling complexion—a clear rose and white that still defied the aid of cosmetics.

"An orchard!" repeated Mrs. St. Aubyn, looking after the old apple woman who had hobbled to the crossing. "I wore my hair in a braid then, I remember, and a big frilled sunbonnet. How fresh and wonderful the world seemed in those days! It's so long ago that I've almost forgotten what rustletty is like. And yet"—

She paused. A sudden longing for the country took possession of her—for the real country, where no smart, high seated traps met the incoming train, where roads wound between fields, not lawn, and where the air was full of autumn scents and sounds, the smell of earth and withered grass, the rustle of dry leaves underfoot. She turned abruptly from the window and with a swiftness that denoted decision crossed the room and rang the bell.

Prompt as a trapdoor fairy Antoinette appeared.

"I am not going shopping after all," said Mrs. St. Aubyn. "And you may telephone to the dressmaker that I can't keep my appointment for this afternoon."

Antoinette opened her brown eyes wide in astonishment. She would have opened them still wider an hour later had she seen Mrs. St. Aubyn seated in a car whose general dinginess proclaimed its acquaintance with obscure places off the general line of travel. Instead of well groomed commuters and their wives there were men whose clothes were a bit rusty and women whose bulky satchels and bags bore witness that they had been to spend a week with daughter in the city. Wide eyed children clung tenaciously to dolls and bananas, crying babies were vehemently urged to "look out the window at grandpa," and when the train began to move goodbys were said with an abandon which half amused, half stirred Mrs. St. Aubyn. In her world repression was the law of life. It was long since she had been in touch with the simple, homely things of existence.

"To think that this actually occurs in New York!" she murmured to herself and then laughed a little guiltily, for under her monogrammed morocco bag there reposed a neat brown paper parcel containing chicken sandwiches and a bottle of olives that she had paused to buy at the station in the breathlessness of her flight. Bought at the station! With what horrified shrugings would Antoinette have protested had she known, and with what ejaculations would she have complained against the crowded stuffiness of the train!

"Fairview!" called the conductor.

Mrs. St. Aubyn looked at her time table. Four stations more!

It was noon when she stepped out at Meadowbunk. The narrow platform was deserted save for a young telegraph operator, who looked appreciatively at Mrs. St. Aubyn's tailor made costume of gray and violet and inquired if she would like a team. She shook her head. She would rather walk. How well she knew the road! And how little it had changed! She followed it by a cluster of trim fenced houses, past the general store and on to where the fields widened and stretched away to hills whose summits were a misty blue. Blackberry vines, rusty with fall, tangled at the roadside, and here and there asters glowed like a purple flame. At the far edge of the village outskirts she came to a rambling white house. Grass grew knee deep in its yard. Its windows were shuttered. Its door bore a placard, "For Sale." Over its porch the bare tendrils of a honeysuckle vine stirred with every passing wind. By a path still faintly discernible through a network of weeds Mrs. St. Aubyn took her way to the orchard. There she came upon a sight which held her stock still with amazement.

"Jimmy!" cried Mrs. St. Aubyn. "What in the world are you doing here?"

Jimmy Vanringcourt forsook the apple for which he had been reaching and colored to the roots of his iron gray hair. Then he came forward.

"My dear Helene!" he exclaimed. "Who ever would have thought of seeing you?"

"I came by the noon train," said Mrs. St. Aubyn.

"Ah! And I by the one before it. How's' changed much, has it?" he continued, nodding toward the old house. "Except that the grass is ragged. It looks just the same as that summer you spent here with your aunt. Have you ever been back here since?"

"Never," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, flushing.

"Nor I. Strange, isn't it, that we should meet? What prompted you to come today?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think the social merry-go-round has begun to pall. I got so tired of people and things, and I wanted to get away from them."

There was a moment's silence. The wind stirred the fallen leaves with a soft rustle, and a bit of thistledown floated lazily by.

"I thought," said Mrs. St. Aubyn presently, "that you were in Europe."

"So I have been for the last six months. I got back yesterday. And this morning I had the strangest longing to see this old place, and so I came."

"Two worklllings in Arcady," laughed Mrs. St. Aubyn, "and hunger reminds me that I have brought a lunch."

"Good!" He spread his coat out on the grass. "Will you sit here? And if you don't mind waiting a bit I'll go to the village and skirmish for a kettle and some tea."

"And two teacups would be an adjunct also."

"I'll try," said Vanringcourt.

They lunched in gypsy fashion, the kettle singing over a fire of twigs, while the glow of midday softened into the long light of afternoon.

"A mellow light to see visions by," observed Vanringcourt.

"Visions!"

"All day I've been longing for a glimpse of a girl that I used to know. She used to wear a pink linen gown and her hair in a braid and carry a frilled sunbonnet on her arm. The last time I saw her this orchard was all in bloom, and she promised to love me for ever and ever, and in token of that we exchanged rings made of grass."

"My dear Jimmy," protested Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Vanringcourt fumbled in his pocket.

"There it is," he said, smiling whimsically.

"How absurd," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, but her voice trembled.

"Yes, isn't it—to cherish that little bit of dried grass as I've cherished nothing else on earth, although the girl that gave it to me decided six months later that love in a cottage was only another name for folly and that money and position were what counted most! For, you see, in the meantime, like the fairy godmother in the nursery tale, a rich relative had come and whirled her away to town, and when next I saw her the wild rose had become an American Beauty, the greatest success of a brilliant social season. Voila tout!"

"But you"—

"Oh, yes, I know. I've had success too. I've gained it. I'm counted fortunate as the run of men go, yet the thing I've wanted most I've never had. Nothing else ever really mattered except the girl I knew in this orchard. All my life and all my heart have been empty because of her."

"It was spring then, and it is autumn now."

"The glory of the year," said Vanringcourt.

"But in these last few months you've never even written to me, you've never said you remembered or—or cared."

"I waited till the moment came when you found things empty, as you have found them today, till you knew that your golden apples were only Dead sea fruit. You refused the boy's love that was offered you in the springtime. Will you take the man's love that I offer you now, Helene?"

"Oh, Jimmy," she began, and then her eyes brimmed and speech failed her, but she reached out her hands to him with an adorable gesture, and as he kissed her a late bird pulsing on a bough above their heads burst suddenly into song.

Letters at the Church.

"That seems a tremendously big bunch of mail to be delivered at a church," remarked an early caller to the sexton.

"A good deal of it belongs to the parishioners," he explained. "I do not mean to the regular worshipers, but to persons who drop in for an occasional service. They are mostly comparative strangers in town. When leaving home, they have no idea what they will do or where they will be located, so in order to relieve the anxiety of their friends they give instructions to send their mail to some church of which they have all heard. The mere fact that the wanderers have to call at such a place once or twice a week for letters is considered a guarantee of their safety. The pastors welcome such an arrangement. It may be an additional responsibility to take care of the letters, but it keeps them in touch with many strangers who otherwise probably would not go near a church."—New York Sun.

The Primary Colors.

Primary colors are the colors into which white light is separated by the dispersion of a prism. Those named by Newton are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Artists reduce these to three, red, yellow and blue. Scientists generally consider red, green and blue to represent the primary color sensations, and in one theory there are supposed to be three sets of nerves in the retina which can respond to these three colors. The idea of three primary colors is that from the combination of these three all hues may be produced which are to be found in white light.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pineules" is kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded "Relief in every dose." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

AN ASSIZE OF BREAD.

Mobile's Regulation of Bakeries Early In the Last Century.

In the latter half of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries the regulation of the price of bread by public authority was a familiar principle in the English colonies of America. In New Haven, for instance, the weight of the penny loaf was regulated by law about 1660, and in 1636 the Massachusetts general court also provided a regular assize, fixing the weight of the loaf according to the price of flour. At various times during the first quarter of the eighteenth century the selectmen of Boston likewise performed this duty.

It is interesting, however, to note a survival or perhaps a revival of this principle as late as the nineteenth century in the town of Mobile, a place whose economic history is marked by many peculiar features. After fifty-two years of French, seventeen years of English and thirty-three years of Spanish rule Mobile came under the control of the United States government in April, 1813, and was included in the Mississippi territory. On Jan. 20, 1814, by an act of the territorial legislature the town received a charter of incorporation, and at two meetings of the inhabitants, on March 11 and 14, the municipal government was organized and the charter publicly read in English and in French. The population at this time was composed of French, English and Irish elements. On April 4 following, three weeks after the organization of the municipal government, a "tariff for bakers," or assize of bread, was drawn up by the commissioners (the governing body of the town) and proclaimed in English and in French. This fixed the weight of the loaf for the ensuing month in accordance with the price of flour. Instead of changing the price of bread it was more convenient to make the loaves lighter or heavier as the price of flour rose or fell. On May 2, 1814, the weight of the bit loaf (the bit being a coin worth 12½ cents) was fixed at twenty-eight ounces, and the weight of the half bit loaf was fixed at fourteen ounces.

On July 8, 1815, Mr. Martin, the baker, appeared before the board and paid the sum of $10, a fine inflicted on him for having his bread too light, one-half of which sum was paid to the police officer. On Jan. 24, 1817, a regular scale of weights for the bit loaf was adopted.

Beginning May 3, 1817, the assize of bread was proclaimed weekly instead of monthly, as before, and this system was continued for a little more than two years. The records do not show that the assize was proclaimed after 1819, but the town continued to exercise a control over the business of baking. Every baker was required to procure a license and to register his trademark, which was stamped on his loaves. A public bakehouse was also established and seems to have been managed in the same way that municipalities control public markets, the bakers renting the stalls from the town and being subject to inspection. As late as 1826 in the annual statement of the city clerk the following entry occurs in the statement of receipts during the year: "Sales of condemned bread, $1.87."—Quarterly Journal of Economics.

Working the Minister.

"Don't imagine ministers have an easy time," remarked the Brooklyn preacher. "If I gave to every one applying for alms, I would be bankrupt. Then there are agents who always want a minister to purchase their wares so that they may use his name when going to other houses in the neighborhood. Last week a dapper fellow called with an oil painting. He was a good talker, and, although I did not buy the picture, he did persuade me to give him one of my photographs. The next day several of my church people told me that he had visited them, showed them the photograph and succeeded in making sales. A minister's life may seem like a path of roses when viewed from the pew on a Sunday, but there are certainly thorns in it during the week."—New York Post.

Chippendale.

Chippendale not only made chairs, but almost everything in the furniture line, except the one article with which his name has been most frequently associated in later days. We refer to sideboards. It is doubtful if he ever made a sideboard. In his book there is no reference to sideboards, though there are several large tables which he calls "sideboard tables." Though the word sideboard was used long before his day, it is probable that the early English sideboards were merely tables.

The Samian Letter.

The letter Y is called the Samian letter. It is so called because its Greek original was referred to by Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos, to illustrate how deviation from the straight path of virtue becomes constantly wider as the lines are extended. The poet Pope refers to this idea in the lines:

When reason, doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower the better.

—Housekeeper.

His Bluff.

Watchman (discovering a burglar in the act of opening a bank safe)—Hold on! What are you doing there? Burglar—Don't make such a row, old man. I want to see if my deposit is all right. Nobody can trust his bankers nowadays.—London Express.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.—Schopenhauer.

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In Shallow Waters.

By KIRK McGEE.

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When it became known throughout the town and the fishing fleet that after one more trip to the Banks Dave Bliss, who had for three years been mate of the Swordfish under the captaincy of Josh Baker, would take out the Mary and Jane and become a captain himself, there was not a begrudging word or a selfish thought.

Dave was a young man and a popular one. He was a good sailor and a lucky fisherman. It was known that he was in love and was already engaged to Captain Baker's daughter Mary, and the talk was that they were to be married the day he assumed his new command. If it had been for Captain Baker to choose a son-in-law from the fifty single men in the fishing fleet, he would have held out his hand to Dave in preference. They had fought the perils of the sea together for three years, and they had come to know each other as land-men can never know one another.

Out on the Banks that day it was squally weather. The air was cold and raw, and the sea heaved up and gurgled and growled as if demanding victims. Every craft needed watching, and none was more closely watched than the Swordfish. There came a moment, however, when the captain was below for a drink of something hot, and the mate had his eyes on a tramp steamer shearing her way through the fleet, and that very moment it was when a squall struck down with the swiftness of a cannon ball, and the Swordfish was thrown on her beam ends.

It was inevitable that confusion should follow. With her masts flat on the water and her sails bellying out, the boat could not right to an even keel, and it was the mate himself who seized an ax from its bracket and cut away the shrouds, letting the strain take them overboard. It was the only thing to do to save the schooner, and he perilled his life in the doing of it. That went for naught, however. No man is so jealous of his reputation as a fisherman. He knows, and his owners know, that there must be accidents at sea, no matter what the vigilance, but for all that an accident is a snirch and an injury to his reputation.

So it was that the news run through the fleet of sixty sail almost as if by telegraph, that the Swordfish had been dismasted in a squall which had spared all others. There must have been carelessness, of course. Captain Baker blamed Dave Bliss, and Dave Bliss resented the criticism, so the first of the fleet to reach home had a story to tell that quickly spread all over the town. The fisher craft that goes down at sea is talked of for a week. The fisher craft that loses a mast or a set of sails is not forgotten for six months.

When the Swordfish came limping home a week or so behind all others, there was a gulf between master and mate. The crew were divided in sentiment. It was the same with the townspeople. When it was known that the craft had arrived, Mary Baker sat at the window and waited for her father and lover. They had always come to the house in company upon their return. The hours went by, and at last the father arrived alone. His face was stern set, and hope went out of her heart as she saw it. She had heard the gossip of the early arrivals, but hoped that it was exaggerated. She knew that the fleet and the town had taken sides, but she believed in her lover.

"He'll never enter my door again!" said the father as he stood and looked at the girl.

"But it couldn't have been his fault, and we are to be—to be married," she protested.

"He should have seen the squall. He shouldn't have lost his head afterward and cut away the masts. He comes here no more. He shall never be son-in-law of mine. I want to hear nothing more about it."

That evening Mary received a note from Dave by the hands of a boy. He said not a word against her father. He simply asserted that he had done the best he could and that before seeing her again he would wait for public opinion to change. He had not lost the confidence of the owners of the Mary and Jane. She would be ready for sea in ten days. He hoped that his Mary would believe in him and that things would come right in the end.

The reply he received strengthened and encouraged him, and he went about his affairs as if the gossip of the town were naught to him. The Mary and Jane sailed with the fleet. Aye, more than that, she headed it. It had been predicted that she would prove a tiller, but when her canvas had been stretched and her rigging tightened up she smoked along like steam. It was her misfortune to pass the Swordfish close aboard. During the two weeks on shore Captain Baker and his old mate had met three or four times a day, but as total strangers. They could have looked into each other's eyes now, but they did not. There was no anger in the new captain's heart, but the other flushed and compressed his lips, and those who were watching him realized that he felt as if an insult had been put upon him.

That first voyage of the new craft is still recalled at the fish houses, in the sail lofts and offices and wherever fishermen gather to gossip. She shortened the run to the banks by two days. She was stowing away cod when the other craft arrived. Her daily catch was the largest for years. She had filled up and was ready for home and a market, while half the fleet were still whistling for fish.

Then came another such day as that on which the accident had happened. There was the same leaden sky out of which squalls burst at intervals and without warning—the same ugly, heaving sea, swelling up as if to pour its weight on deck and sink the craft out of hand.

The fleet was heaving and drifting now, and fifty pairs of eyes saw the masts of the Swordfish go overboard before the downfall of a squall. There was no Dave Bliss on board this time, but the thing had happened just the same. On the previous occasion there were deep water and plenty of sea room. On this the fleet had been drifting down into the shallows and was just on the point of tacking.

What every man at once realized was that the crippled Swordfish must go to leeward before the send of the sea until she grounded on the sands a mile away. Then the waves would finish her in ten minutes. The Mary and Jane had her home pennant flying and was already on her course. She was headed deep with her catch and drawing twice as much water as the other.

There was just one way to save the Swordfish. Men of the fleet will tell you today that there was only one man among them who dared take the chance. That man was Captain Dave Bliss. There was only a moment of hesitation. Then he roused out a hawser, had a casting line bent on, and, setting more sail than he would have dared to under any other circumstances and running a risk that made his crew turn pale and shiver, he headed his craft down toward the other. He knew the depth of water to an inch. He had but to look over the side to see the sand boiling up. The helpless, despairing men on the Swordfish were watching, and when his plan became clear Captain Baker turned to his mate and said:

"He's the bravest man in the fleet, but he's also a fool! Both craft will go down together!"

The Mary and Jane was stirring up the sand as she came flying down, for a craft of her keel within eighteen inches of the bottom will almost cut a groove in the sand or mud. On the bow of this one stood Captain Dave Bliss ready to heave the casting line, and Captain Baker went forward to receive it. It was thrown at the right second, and men hauled away at line and hawser in frenzied haste. The Mary and Jane must come up into the wind's eye and hold there a moment until the hawser could be secured.

Good sailors have said that there were forty-nine chances out of fifty that her masts would go during that crucial moment, but the odd chance won. The hawser was made fast, the rescuing craft fell off, and a moment later she was towing the wreck into deeper water and safety. It was the top notch of seamanship and level headedness.

They heard about the rescue in the town when the Mary and Jane reached port. Tears came to the waiting Mary Baker's eyes and thankfulness to her heart, but Captain Dave did not appear. The story was told again and again as other craft came in, but her lover did not make his appearance at the cottage on the hill. It was only when the Swordfish came limping into port that Dave took his old captain's arm, and they both walked through the streets until they came upon Mary waiting at the gate. Then the stern old father joined their hands together and whispered:

"Take her, Dave, and give me a corner of the fireplace for the few years I've got to live. I'm done with the fleet."

The Lyre Bird.

The largest and handsomest of all the song birds is the lyre bird. Its home is in Australia, where its song is heard morning and evening. It is heard oftener in winter than in summer. The chief beauty of the lyre bird is in the plumage of its tail, which is elegant and in the form of an ancient lyre. While singing the lyre bird spreads its tail over its head like a peacock and droops its wings to the ground. This bird is not only a fine songster, but can imitate the songs of all birds. One living near a wood sawyer's hut even imitated the sound of the filing of saws. The crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs and the mewing of cats are within its range. Its own song is also different from that of other birds, being a louder and fuller tone.

Leprosy.

Leprosy is an exclusively human disease. It is not inoculable to animals. It is never of spontaneous origin, but is invariably derived from the lesions or secretions of a person similarly diseased. Its development in a country previously exempt from the disease may always be traced to its importation in the person of a leper from an infected center. We know nothing definitely of the mode of infection or the channels of entrance through which the bacillus gains access to the organism—whether by direct contact, by inhalation or imbibition of the germs or by other intermediaries. Observation proves conclusively that every leper is a possible source of danger to all with whom he may come into intimate and prolonged contact.

Cold Comfort.

Miss Gladys—You've no objection to my going skating in the park, but you draw the line at skating rinks. What's the difference?

Prudent Mamma—Well, my dear, there's an ice distinction between the two, which is perfectly clear to me.—Chicago Tribune.

His Share.

A gamekeeper found a boy fishing in his master's private waters.

"You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A."

"Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit, laying aside his rod. He then took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterward found the same youth had started fishing again.

"Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A.?" he roared.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river doesn't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"—London Telegraph.

Most Wonderful Cave in the World.

The most wonderful cave in the world is in the island of Tonga, in the south Pacific. Byron called it "a chapel of the seas." It is formed in a rock that is almost surrounded by the ocean. This rock is about sixty feet high and broad proportionately. Many years ago a boy, the son of a native chief, was chasing a large turtle, when his game seemed to sink into the rock. The lad watched and waited until the tide fell, disclosing a small opening in the rock about six feet under low water mark. Diving boldly, the young hunter entered the aperture and, to his surprise, came to the surface inside the rock. The rock was hollow, and its interior was found afterward, when the natives explored it with torches, to contain many beautiful stalactites. When attacked and followed by enemies, the natives, who know the secret, leave their canoes, plunge into the water and disappear. Their foes linger, astonished at their disappearance, for no person not acquainted with it would suspect that the rock was hollow.

Origin of Two Familiar Proverbs.

It was the habit of the great Greek painter Apelles never to let a day pass, however busy he chanced to be, without practicing his hand by tracing the outline of some object, a custom which has now passed into a proverb—"No day without a line." He also made it a rule, when he had finished a canvas, to exhibit it to the view of those who visited his studio, while he himself, hidden behind the picture, would listen to their comments. It is said that once a shoemaker censured him for having painted a pair of shoes with one latchet too few. Next day the shoemaker, revisiting the studio, saw that the painter had corrected the mistake. He then began to criticise the leg of the portrait, upon which Apelles came forward and reminded him that a shoemaker should not go beyond the shoes, a piece of advice which has also crystallized into a proverb, "Let the cobbler stick to his last."—Pliny the Elder.

At Sea In a Coffin.

It was the French assassin Lapd who escaped to sea from Cayenne in a coffin. He managed to get some nails, tar and cotton, and one dark night he got into the coffin shed. He selected a fine, staunch and seaworthy coffin and fastened the lid in order to turn it into a deck, leaving a cockpit sufficient to enable him to crawl in. He calked all the joints as well as he could, and when this work was finished he made a pair of paddles out of two planks. Then he brought out his craft with great precaution. Without much difficulty he reached the water's edge. Silently and slowly he proceeded in the hope of reaching either Venezuela or British Guiana, 150 nautical miles distant. Fortunately or unfortunately for Lapd, the steamer Abadie, returning from the Antilles, off Fortunatho picked him up, half drowned and almost in a fainting condition, and a few hours later he was in irons in his cell.

Too Long Winded.

The inhabitants of the Canary isles, finding themselves oppressed by famine, sent to the governor of Galicia one of their head men as an ambassador. They advised him not to lose himself in long winded talk. He promised and kept his word. He took with him a large number of sacks, and, arriving at the town where the governor was on the circuit, he opened one of them before him, saying only these words: "It is empty. Fill it."

The governor ordered this sack and the rest to be filled with meal, but he said to the speaker: "You had no need to tell us that the sack was empty nor that it was necessary to fill it. We should have readily guessed that. Another time be briefer in your talk."—Bon Vivant.

Look Into Space.

A young man whose eyes had been troubling him consulted a New York oculist. "What you want to do," said the specialist, "is to take a trip every day on the ferry or in New Jersey. Long Island any place where you can see long distances. Look up and down the river, across fields or, if the worst comes to the worst, go on the top of a skyscraper and scan the horizon from that point. The idea is to get distance. You use your eyes a great deal and always at close range. You can't use them any other way in town. Even when not reading or writing the vision is limited by small rooms and narrow streets. No matter in what direction you look, there is a blank wall not far away to shut off sight."

Travel Free.

"Conductor," said the gasping passenger, vainly trying to raise a window, "there are at least a billion microbes in this car."

"You ought to be able to stand that if the company can," growled the street car conductor. "We don't get a blamed cent for carrying 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

Lies Low.

"Of course she doesn't like discussions about ages."

"No. Usually when she's queried about hers she just says nothing, but lies low."

"Yes, or if she says anything she lies low."—Philadelphia Press.

Convenient.

"So you have three pairs of glasses, professor?"

"Yes. One pair to read with, another for nearsightedness and a third pair to look for the other two with."—Fliegende Blatter.

Laws are made by old people and by men. Youths and women want the exceptions, old people the rules.—Goethe.

One's Point of View.

"I liked that play we saw last night because it has a happy ending."

"Why, man, the husband in it terrorizes his wife into trembling and silent submission and ends by killing his mother-in-law!"

"I said it had a happy ending."—Baltimore American.

Deed of a Gallant Nobody.

It is not always the information carried by the recognized aids-de-camp to and from the commanding officer in battle which is of highest value. There was a supreme moment during the battle of Waterloo when the Duke of Wellington was left absolutely alone, and that not when he was running the risk of capture by sailing through the enemy's lines. It simply meant that every galloper had gone his way, each with his message. At this moment a stranger rode up to the duke and quietly asked, "Can I be of any use, sir?" The duke took one glance at him and unhesitatingly answered, "Yes, take this pencil note to the commanding officer," pointing to a regiment in the heat of the battle. The stranger took the note and galloped away with it through the thick of the fight. He delivered it, but what happened to him no man knows. The duke always declared that to be one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice. It was done without prospect of acknowledgment or reward, and neither attended its successful accomplishment.—London Standard.

A Frost Desolated Land.

I learned from an eyewitness something about Spitzbergen, that desert arctic island four miles north of the North cape of Norway and within 700 miles of the north pole; a frost desolated land, where the grass grows longer than the trees and huge glaciers in the ice bridged valleys amid the jagged mountains move majestically down in to the sea until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous reports—once the only sound that broke the profound silence of those awful solitudes. Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively known as No Man's land. It is the possession of no country and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land, though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it.—National Magazine.

Edward III.'s Drum Corps.

Probably introduced from the east, is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the first crusade. When Edward III and his queen made their triumphal entry into Calais, "tambours," or drums, were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "naker," or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in the "Knightes Tale:"

Pyfes, trompes, nakeres and clariounes,
That in the batalle blowen bloody sounes.

The king generally kept a troop of these bandsmen or minstrels in his employ, and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of 60 shillings to Roger the trumpeter, Jonino the nakerer and others for their performances.—Chambers' Journal.

The Boul and the Board.

In Russia it was the common belief up to the time of Peter the Great that beardless men were also soulless and that a man who purposely admitted having his beard marred could never enter heaven. The great Peter above referred to ordered his heathens to "shave up," so as to appear more civilized, and when they refused to comply with his edict he fined the wealthy and middle classes 100 rubles for each beard that was permitted to grow and each peasant and laborer a kopeck for the same privilege. Finally the priests were appealed to, and they informed their parishioners that unless they submitted to having their beards shaved they need not expect that St. Nicholas, the doorkeeper of heaven, would be able to distinguish them from the bearded Turks. That had the desired effect.

Cinnamon Tapers.

Both cinnamon and cassia contain tannin, and too much of either has the same effect as excessive tea drinking. There are cinnamon and cassia tapers, but are as much addicted to the habit of chewing the bark as some men are to chewing tobacco. The cinnamon tapers acquire their habit chiefly from working in the woods stripping the bark from the trees and drying it. It is graded by men who taste a tiny morsel of each lot. At first this causes the lips and throat to swell, but in time this undesirable effect overcomes itself, and a genuine love for the bark is acquired.

American Regard For Women.

Toward women the American man's attitude is fine. She is neither his deity nor his doll. He simply treats her with deference. His chivalry has as little to do with saccharine utterances, scraping feet and bended knees as has his patriotism with hysterical shriekings and the waving of emasculated flags.—Lippincott's.

No Hessians Need Apply.

Aunt Sally Limekiln was looking admiringly at a collection of souvenir postal cards brought back from Europe by one of her summer boarders.

"Now, this one," said he, showing a handsome card, "is from Hesse, where those Hessian soldiers came from, you know."

Aunt Sally put down the cards and rose up in intense indignation.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed in horror. "Did you go there?"

Extenuating.

A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said, "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twenty-one years and never did it before."

Not What They Expected.

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa. Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say? Bride (reading)—Do not come home. All will be forgiven.

A Pair of Whys.

She (coming down late)—Why do you wear that yachting cap? You are never on a yacht. He—Why do you wear that watch? You are never on time.—Bohemian Magazine.

The Reader Who Skips.

A good work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse—we are here speaking only of good works—is a work of art and can be rightly enjoyed only by entering into sympathy with the artist's mind and accepting his work according to his intention. In a perfect poem the place of every word, in a perfect novel the place, if not of every word, of every episode and of every paragraph, is important, and the reader who skips throws away the pleasure he has meant to derive from the harmony of composition, in which very possibly the beauty of the whole may chiefly consist, and despises the best part of the artist's labor. He might as well go to see a good play and then willfully miss every alternate scene.—Exchange.

Atmospheric Temperature.

The temperature of the atmosphere cools on an average about 1 degree for every 300 feet that we ascend or warms at the same rate as we descend. The mean temperature at the north pole is 0 and at the equator between 80 and 81 degrees. We can, therefore, get into a temperature 1 degree colder for every seventy or eighty miles that we travel north and to a temperature 1 degree warmer for every seventy or eighty miles that we travel south.

His Idea of Water.

At one time the bailiff in charge of an English jury was sworn to keep them "without meat, drink or fire." It was Justice Maule who gave the classic reply to the bailiff, who inquired whether he might grant a juryman's request for a glass of water: "Well, it is not meat, and I should not call it drink. Yes, you may."

The Tower of Babel.

The tower of Babel at Babylon was composed of eight square towers, one upon the other, the pile being 660 feet high. Babylon was a square, fifteen miles on each side, the walls being eighty-seven feet thick and 370 feet high.

His Hard Luck.

"Can't you find any work at all?"

"Plenty, sir, but everybody wants references from my last employer."

"Can't you get them?"

"No, sir. He's been dead twenty-eight years."—Illustrated Bits.

All the world likes a lover, because he is usually such a good joke.—Denver Post.

Coughs and colds contracted this season of the year should have immediate attention. Dees laxative cough syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequalled for horseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by Dr Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport Pa. C. A. Anderson Colegrove Pa.

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Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Merritt Childs, late of Hamlin Township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been duly issued to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make settlement thereof without delay, and all persons having claim against said estate are requested to present the same to

E. D. MARTIN,
Marvindale, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration on the estate of David Howard, late of Ceres Township, McKean county, State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been duly issued to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make settlement thereof without delay, and all persons having claim against said estate are requested to present the same to

ROY D. HOWARD,
Shingle House, Pa
HENRY F. HOWARD,
Ceres, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1

March 21, 1907

Notice.

Court of Common Pleas of McKean County

NOTICE is hereby that an application will be made to the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, on the 22nd day of April, 1907, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., under an Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations, approved April 29th, 1874, and its supplements, by George B Brown, Joshua J. Norris, John W. Logan, A. J Enty, David Thornell, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH of Bradford, Pa., the character and object of which is the public worship of Almighty God according to the faith, doctrine, discipline and usages of the AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

TAIT & JONES,
Solicitors.

The said application for charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's Office.

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